

PR

4889

L6P7



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

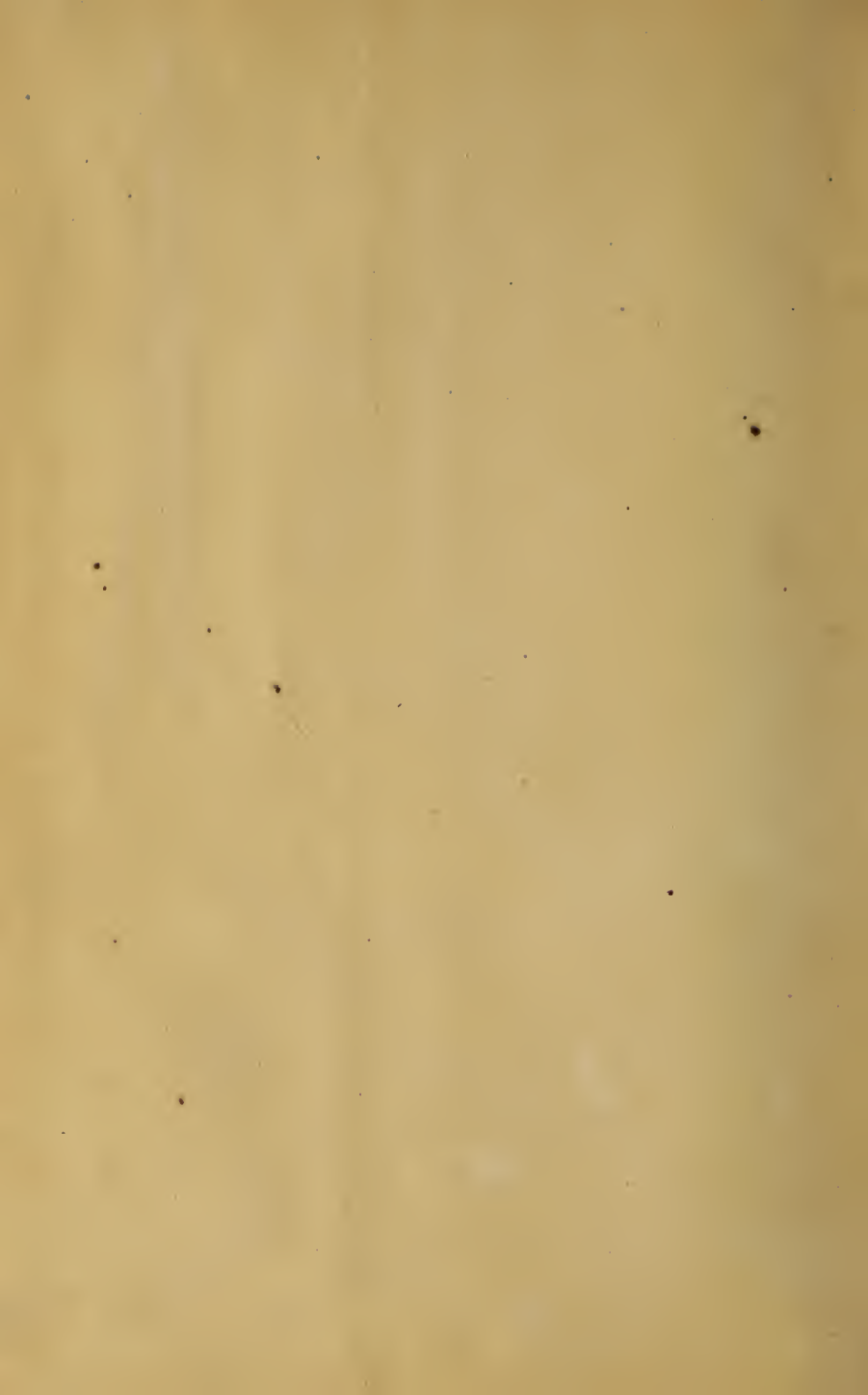
PR4889  
Chap Copyright No.

Shelf L6 P7

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

















1

# POT-POURRI

---

33

By the Author, pseud.

William James Linton



PARODY will only strike at what is chimerical and false; it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition.

D'ISRAELI'S *Curiosities of Literature.*

New York  
S. W. Green

1875

PR4889  
.L6P7

---

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by ABEL REID, in the Office of the  
Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

---

S. W. GREEN,  
Printer and Electrotyper,  
16 & 18 Jacob St.,  
New-York.

# POT-POURRI

---

THE RUINED PALACE  
DREAM-MERE  
ISRAFIDDLESTRINGS  
THE GHOULS IN THE BELFRY  
HULLALOO  
TO ANY  
HANNIBAL LEIGH  
RAVING  
THE MONSTER MAGGOT  
POETIC FRAGMENTS  
UNDER-LINES

---

## THE RUINED PALACE

IN a green depth, like a chalice,  
By most sweet flowers tenanted,  
Stood a fair and stately palace.  
There a poet soul—now dead—  
Lived in days in vain lamented,—  
Had lived to-day,  
But was wayward—or demented,  
Weak or worse,—who dares to say?  
  
For his thought was streak'd with fancies,  
To all simple truth untrue:  
Bizarre as the hues of pansies,—  
The dark shades he knew.

And he wander'd from this Aidenn :  
 Wander'd, and was lost, alas !  
 Though his own belovèd maiden  
 Track'd his footsteps through the grass.

He return'd not. Devastation  
 Housed in his disorder'd rooms ;  
 On his couch lay Desolation ;  
 Vampyres flitted through the glooms.  
 By the pure white Parian fountains  
 Lounged the Ghouls obscenely bare :  
 Never wind came from the mountains  
 To refresh the stagnant air.

O'er the garden walks neglected  
 Crawl'd the toad, the worm, the snail ;  
 Droop'd the young buds unrespected :  
 Loving care could not avail.  
 For the poet soul, the master,  
 Could alone that place  
 Make beautiful and from disaster  
 Free—as Aidenn—by God's grace.

When he the palace left, and garden,—  
 The moment that he would depart—

\* \* \* \* \*

Speech is vain. And tears but harden  
 On the world's ice heart.



## DREAM-MERE

ON a root, knobb'd, gnarl'd, and lonely.  
 Overstuck with toadstools only,  
 Sits an Eidolon named Night,—  
 On a toadstool half upright.  
 I have seen this sprite but newly,  
 And I look'd at him quite throughly,  
 In his ultimate dim Thulè,  
 As he sate there half upright,  
 In a wild weird clime, and singing sublime,  
     Out of tune—out of time.

Bottomless hollows and roaring floods,  
 And caves and chasms and haunted woods,  
 Forms that no man can discover  
 For the dews that drip all over;  
 Mountains toppling evermore  
 Into seas without a shore;  
 Shoreless seas that still aspire,  
 Surging to hellish heavens of fire;  
 Boundless lakes all lone and dead,  
 Where sometimes Night lies outspread  
 In the waters still and chilly,  
 With his nose in a lolling lily.

By these shoreless lakes outspread,  
 These lone waters, lone and dead,  
 These lone waters, still and chilly  
 (Night's nose in the lolling lily);  
 By these toppling crags,—no river  
 Murmurs near, no leaflets quiver,

All so dark and dead and chilly ;  
 By these dank woods, by the swamp  
 Where the toad and bull-frog romp ;—  
 By these dismal tarns, by the holes

Where dwell the Ghouls—

Poor damp souls!

By each corner most unjolly,  
 By each crevice melancholy,  
 By my own poetic folly—  
 Frenzy of poetic drift,  
 In an unexpected rift,  
 There, I swear, I met aghast  
 In a sheet the unmemoried Past,  
 In a shroud a Ghost whose eye  
 Looking into vacancy  
 Made me shudder, start, and sigh,—  
 One forgotten, from thought outdriven,  
 I know not whether on Earth or in Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion  
 'Tis a peaceful, soothing region—  
 This same desert drear of Night,  
 Where the Eidolon sits upright  
 On his toadstool, or outspread  
 Lies lolling on his lily-bed,—  
 For the spirit that likes a shadow  
 'Tis, O 'tis an Eldorado,—  
 Though the traveler, traveling through it,  
 Ever fails to interview it  
 (No one ever openly knew it),  
 For its mysteries all are closed  
 By the darkness superposed

Of the Eidolon, who, I ween,  
 Wills not the formless should be seen :  
 And thus the sad soul that here passes  
 Is like a blind ass without glasses.

On his root, knobb'd, gnarl'd, and lonely,  
 Overstuck with toadstools only,  
 Squats the Eidolon named Night,  
 Squats in sad poetic plight.  
 Is there more, and would you know it,  
 Fix the headgear of the Poet,  
 Wandering God knows where, but newly  
 From this ultimate dim Thulè.



## ISRAFIDDLESTRINGS

*The Angel Israfael whose heartstrings are a fiddle.*

IN heaven a Spirit doth dwell  
 Whose heartstrings are a fiddle  
 (The reason he sings so well—  
 This fiddler Israfael),  
 And the giddy stars (will any one tell  
 Why giddy?) to attend his spell  
 Cease their hymns in the middle.

On the height of her go  
 Totters the Moon and blushes  
 As the song of that fiddle rushes  
 Across her bow.  
 The red Lightning stands to listen ;  
 And the eyes of the Pleiads glisten  
 As each of the seven puts its fist in  
 Its eyes, for the mist in.

And they say—it's a riddle—  
 That all these listening things,  
 That stop in the middle  
 For the heart-strung fiddle  
 With which the Spirit sings,  
 Are held as on a griddle  
 By these unusual strings.

Wherefore thou art not wrong,  
 Israfel! in that thou boastest  
 Fiddlestrings uncommon strong:  
 To thee the fiddle-strings belong  
 With which thou toastest  
 Other hearts, as on a prong.

Yes! heaven is thine: but this  
 Is a world of sours and sweets,—  
 Where cold meats are cold meats,  
 And the eater's most perfect bliss  
 Is the shadow of him who treats.

If I could griddle  
 As Israfiddle  
 Has griddled,—he fiddle as I,—  
 He might not fiddle so wild a riddle  
 As this mad melody,  
 While the Pleiads all would leave off in the middle  
 Hearing my griddle-cry.



## THE GHOULS IN THE BELFRY

HEAR the story of the Ghouls!  
 Who will tell us of the Ghouls?  
     'Who has been told?  
 Of the Ghouls, Ghouls, Ghouls,—  
 Who are neither man nor woman,  
 Who are neither beast nor human,  
 Who are neither fish nor cayman,—  
 Who will tell us, clerk or layman?

    They are Ghouls:  
     Live in holes  
     Like moles  
 Under the boles, boles, boles  
 Of old trees where the forest rolls  
     Of the mouldy days of old;  
 Or in tarns, tarns, tarns  
 Dull and dismal as the yarns  
     Of morbidic spools,—  
 Dank tarns and dismal pools.  
 There dwell the Ghouls,  
 With other tarn'd fowls,—  
     Not to say fools.

But the high tarn nation place is  
 The dank tarn of Auber  
 In the Ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.  
 There they sit with their faces  
     Bow'd down to their knees,  
     At the feet of dead trees,  
 With the dew dropping down from their hair,  
 They sit there from the end of October  
     To the end of the winter next year.

These are woodlandish Ghouls,  
 Damp, desolate souls  
 Who have nothing to do  
 But be haunting the dank tarn of Auber  
 Through the mildewest part of the year,  
 That begins at the end of October  
 In the woodlandish Ghouldom of Weir.

Yes! these are the woodlandish Ghouls—  
 Ghouls—Ghouls—Ghouls  
 With no business kind of controls—  
 Mere shoals.  
 But busier,—ah! much busier polls  
 Have the Churchyard Ghouls,  
 Prowling there for the bodies of poor dead souls;  
 And who after supper  
 Take an upper  
 Climb to their goal in the steeple:  
 Where they sit, where they brood, where they heap ill  
 On the people undergone:  
 Sitting cheeks by jowls.  
 Now and then they roll a stone,  
 Having set the bells a-tolling  
 In a muffled monotone,  
 On the people undergone.  
 And their King it is who tolls,  
 As he lolls, lolls, lolls  
 On his throne all carved with scrolls  
 In his palace in the steeple,  
 Where he lolls among his people:  
 Ah! his people who roll stones,  
 In muffled monotones,  
 On the hearts o' the underfolk,

In the dead of night awoke  
 By the melancholy yells,  
 By the miserable howls,  
 To say nothing of the growls,  
     Of these Ghouls,  
 Of these tollers of the bells,  
 As they toll, toll, toll;  
     Toll;  
     Toll;  
     Toll

A pæan from the bells:  
 And the merry bosom swells  
 Of the Ghou-King as he tolls,  
 As he dances and he yells  
 To the throbbing of the bells  
     As they toll,  
             Toll,  
             Toll.

It is so the poet tells  
 Who has heard these ghoulish bells;  
 And whose rheumy running rhyme,  
 Bowl'd in time, time, time,  
 With the throbbing and the sobbing  
 And the bobbing and hobnobbing  
 And sense-robbing of the bells,  
 Could alone expound their yells,  
 For the clamor each expels,  
 From the loud full-hammer'd tone,  
 Sometime hoarsening to a groan,  
 Sometime worsening to a moan,  
     Till one bell tolls out alone  
     In a muffled monotone

Between murmuring and moan,—  
 Till the King loll'd there, as shown,  
 On his scroll-becarven throne,  
 Grown weary of the yells  
 And the bowling of the bells  
 (Well! well!—to be so bold)  
 As they moan and groan and yell  
     Pell-mell,  
 Would be fain to be unthroned,  
 For the pain too wholly own'd,  
     Untold but wholly known,  
     (Toll de roll!)  
 Of the moans, groans, yells,  
 As they shake the steeple stone  
 And awake the undergone  
     (Rest his soul!)  
 With the tolling of their knells,  
 Roll'd like blood-drops from heart-wells,  
     Misereres out of cells,  
 Or weird witch-moulded spells  
     Under fells :  
 The bells, bells, bells,  
 Whose tolling ever tells  
 Of Ghouls, of hells, of knells,  
 Told by bells, bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells,  
 The unholy yelling, knelling, wholly sense-dispelling,  
 Moaning, groaning, all-atoning,  
     Rolling tolling of the bells,  
     Bells,  
     Bells.



## HULLALOO

THE eves were as grey as grey embers,  
 The leaves dirty yellow and sere,—  
 They were yellow, but dusky and sere ;  
 That eve was the worst of November's,—  
 And they are the worst of the year.  
 'Twas an eve that one surely remembers,  
 Being out in the dusk with my dear :  
 For the fire was gone out to weak embers ;  
 So I went out too, with my dear.

Hear then !—Through an alley Satanic  
 Of hemlock, I roam'd with my love,—  
 Of hemlock with Sarah, my love.  
 O my passion was quite oceanic,  
 With waves like the wind in a grove,  
 When the wind maketh waves in a grove  
 And the leaves with a sort of a panic  
 Seem taken ; I thought of the stove  
 And, shivering, as if with a panic  
 Was taken, at thought of the stove.

Our talk at the first had been jolly,  
 But our words soon were slow as our walk,—  
 Our young memories scarcely could walk ;  
 Then we thought it was right melancholy  
 To be out in the dark without talk—  
 For we knew that we came out to talk ;  
 Still we felt in our hearts it was folly  
 The vast dream of silence to baulk,  
 Till, whispering at last, I said—Golly !  
 And Sarah back whisper'd me—Lawk !

And now as the night was senescent,  
 And some roosters were hinting of morn,—  
 Foolish roosters then hinting of morn !—  
 As the night grew more old and unpleasant,  
 We saw in the distance a horn  
 Out of which a miraculous crescent  
 To the sides of the road was outborne;  
 'Twas Sal's father's horn lanthorn there present,  
 The crescent distinct from the horn.

And I said—He is better than Dian;  
 But I wish that his light had more size,—  
 And the light wasn't much for its size;  
 He has guess'd—that's a thing to rely on—  
 Has father, the way our walk lies,  
 And he has come out like Orion,  
 The fellow up there in the skies,—  
 Yes, Sally! those stars in the skies,—  
 Come out like another Orion  
 To help me take care of my prize,  
 To take her safe home bye and bye on  
 The pathway that fatherward lies.

But Sarah, uplifting her finger,  
 Said—Surely that light I mistrust,—  
 That lanthorn I strangely mistrust;  
 O hasten! O let us not linger!  
 O fly! let us fly! for we must.  
 In terror she spoke, letting sink her  
 Voice,—O he'll make such a dust!  
 In anguish she sobb'd, letting sink her  
 Sweet voice, as if fearing a bust,—  
 O but father'll kick up such a dust!

I replied—this is nothing but dreaming ;  
 We need but keep out of the light,—  
 But he kept dodging us with the light ;  
 And Sarah would soon have been screaming,—  
 She shook like a leaf with affright,  
 Like a leaf, or a bird in a fright ;  
 So I lifted her out of the gleaming  
 Through a gap in the hedge, out of sight :  
 And her father went on, never deeming  
 He left us behind in the night.

Then to pacify Sarah I kiss'd her,  
 And soon took her out of the gloom,—  
 It was getting quite cold in the gloom,  
 And she cried ; but I said—Dear ! desist or  
 I never shall get you safe home.  
 Then we ran and in good time got home.  
 Father said—How on airth have I miss'd her ?  
 She said—I was never from home.  
 No, Pa ! I was never from home.  
 I have been all the night in my room.

Now my head is as grey as an ember ;  
 And my heart is all crisped and sere,—  
 Like a crisp leaf that's wither'd and sere ;  
 And yet I am fain to remember  
 Above all the nights in the year—  
 Ah, Sally ! if you were but here—  
 That night of all nights in the year—  
 Ah, Sally ! if you were but here—  
 That cold dreamy night of November,  
 That night of all nights in the year,  
 That long ago night of November,—  
 The night we were out in, my dear !

## TO ANY

THANK heaven! the crisis  
 Of hunger is past;  
 And you can't guess how nice is  
 This little breakfast,  
 Now the thing call'd good living  
 Is come to at last.

I eat what I love  
 And recover my strength;  
 And my jaws only move  
 As I lie at full length.  
 I might sit—but I feel  
 I am better at length.

And I lie so composedly,  
 Feeding and fed,  
 A careless beholder  
 Might fancy me dead:  
 Not seeing my jaws work  
 Might fancy me dead.

The grunting and groaning,  
 The writhing and raving,  
 Are quieted now,  
 With that horrible craving  
 At stomach—that horrible  
 Stomachic craving.

The sickness, the faintness,  
 The emptiness-pain,  
 Have ceased; and my stomach's  
 A stomach again,



And feels like a stomach  
Not living in vain.

And oh ! of all tortures  
That torture the worst  
Has abated,—the terrible  
Torture of thirst

For a naphthaline river  
Or fusil lake burst :  
I'd have drunk dirty water,  
For quenching that thirst,

Of a puddle that flows  
With a smell and no sound  
From a hole but a very few  
Feet underground,  
Though I holded my nose  
As I stoop'd to the ground.

And ah ! let it never  
Be foolishly said  
That this my mahogany  
Is not well spread :  
With such victual before me  
I call it a spread ;  
And such drink—my cosmogony  
Knows nought instead.

My tantalized spirit  
Here blandly reposes :  
The upsetting or ever  
'Twas wetting one's nose is  
All over. Sweet spirit !  
Thy scent in my nose is.

And now while so pleasantly  
 Curl'd up it fancies  
 A fragranter odour  
 Than rue has, or pansies,  
 Or even than rosemary  
 Mingled with pansies,—  
 The beautiful bourbon  
 The Puritan fancies.

And so I lie happily,  
 Drinking a many  
 And eating a few.  
 It will cost a big penny.  
 I don't mind the cost:  
 For I have not a penny.

\* \* \* \* \*

## HANNIBAL LEIGH

It was many and many a year ago—  
 It seems so long to me—  
 That there lived in a city which you may know  
 A man named Hannibal Leigh;  
 And this man he seem'd to have nothing to do  
 But to drink and get drunk with me.

I was a fool and he was a fool,  
 In this city by the sea:  
 For we drank and got drunk till we made it a rule  
 That neither should drunker be;  
 And we drank till we might have lesson'd a school  
 Of fishes, such drinkers were we.

And this was the reason that long ago  
 In this city by the sea  
 A fusilier spirit of ill distilling  
 Destroy'd my Hannibal Leigh.  
 'Twas a spirit of ill when my pal was willing  
 To drink for ever with me;  
 And some were saying—it was fulfilling  
 A kind o' warning to me.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
 Went envying him and me,—  
 Yes! that was the reason, whatever was given  
 In that city by the sea,  
 Why the fusilier spirit came out a-killing  
 My still-swilling Hannibal Leigh.

But I drink all the longer and drink it more strong,  
 For the two, for I drink like three,—  
 For myself once and twice for Leigh;  
 And no fusil here nor in heaven along  
 Nor spirit down under the sea  
 Shall ever dissever our drinks to do wrong  
 To the spirit of Hannibal Leigh.

For whenever I drink I endeavor to think  
 I am drinking with Hannibal Leigh;  
 And my hand never raise but to drink to the praise  
 Of my drink-Kaiser Hannibal Leigh;  
 And in all the night tide I hold on to the side  
 Of the counter, the counter where Hannibal died;  
 And I think that I Hannibal see  
 And I'm Hannibal Hannibal's me.

## RAVING

ONCE upon a midnight, weary,  
 As I maunder'd, gin-and-beery,  
 O'er an' oft repeated story  
     Till my friends thought me a bore,—  
 Sitting weeping, and half sleeping.  
 Something set my flesh a-creeping,  
 And I saw a Raven peeping  
     Through my room's unopen'd door.  
 See that Raven! said I to them,—  
     Trying to get through the door,—  
     A black Raven—nothing more.

Now I was not drunk, but weary,  
 For my head was out-of-gear  
 With close study of quaint volumes  
     Curious in forgotten lore:  
 (Though they said Delirium tremens)  
 I'd been reading bits of Hemans,  
 And some leaves of Jacob Behmen's,  
     Two or three—perhaps a score: .  
 And I said—It *is* a Raven  
     Rampant just outside the door,—  
     Striding through—I said—and swore.

I insisted, and I twisted  
 And resisted, and persisted  
 Though they held me and, close-fisted,  
     Saw no Raven at the door;  
 I forgot all I had read of,—  
 For that ill bird took my head off,

Like a coffin lid of lead off  
 The dead brain of one no more.  
 Would I trust their words instead of  
 What I saw right through the door?  
 Through the door—I said—and swore.

Yes! it is a Raven surely,  
 Though he does look so demurely  
 Like a doctor come to assure me  
 I am drunk: not so—I swore,  
 Drunk? I drunk? I've not been drinking;  
 I'm but overcome with thinking:  
 There I saw that Raven winking  
 In the middle of the floor.  
 Doctor! there's the Raven rampant  
 In the middle of the floor:  
 He has hopp'd straight through the door.

Look! his curst wings brush the dust off  
 That fallen, broken, batter'd bust of  
 Psyche,—where it lies in the shadow,  
 Shatter'd, flung down on the floor.  
 See! he spurns the broken pieces.  
 Catch him, Doctor!—when he ceases  
 He will rend me. Past release is——  
 Nothing! Nothing on the floor?—  
 Yes! the Psyche lies in the shadow,  
 Lieth shatter'd on the floor:  
 To be lifted nevermore.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

## THE MONSTER MAGGOT

A POET!—With never a single theme  
 Of glory or delight,  
 He folds his wings for a gloomy dream  
 Of Death despair-bedight;  
 And, willing not that Beauty use  
 His wilderness of soul,  
 He chooseth for his daintier muse  
 Raven or Ghoul.

And now a "Conqueror Worm" he sings,—  
 A blood-red crawling shape,  
 Invisible woe from its condor wings  
 Out-flapping, all agape;  
 While angels bewing'd, bedight in veils,  
 Watch mumbling mimes, with tears,  
 In a play where a maniac Horror wails  
 To the music of the spheres.

The play is the play of Human Woes,  
 Of Madness, Sin, and Death:  
 There is nothing else the Poet knows  
 God's azure sky beneath  
 But Madness, Horror, and Sin,  
 Death and Sorrow, and Wrong:  
 Even so doth the Singer begin,  
 "So ends his Song.

"It writhes"—the Worm,—“with mortal pangs  
 “The mimes become its food;  
 “And the angels sob at vermin fangs  
 “In human gore imbued,”—



This monster terrible, formless, huge,  
 Means—put in plainest terms:  
 Our Poet needs a vernifuge.  
 The child's disease is *worms*.



## POETIC FRAGMENTS

### PART OF AN UNFINISHED GHOUL-POEM—

SAID *we* then—the two, then—Ah! can it  
 Have been that the woodlandish Ghouls—  
 The pitiful, the merciful Ghouls—  
 To bar up our way and to ban it  
 From the secret that lies in these wolds—  
 From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—  
 Have drawn up the spectre of a planet  
 From the limbo of lunar souls—  
 This sinfully scintillant planet  
 From the hell of the planetary souls?

### POT-POURRI—

“A ROSEMARY odour  
 “Commingled with pansies—  
 “With rue”:—  
 Your poet has fancies:  
 But methinks such an odour  
 Were odious to more than a few.

## UNDER-LINES

*On a Poet's Tomb.*

TOMB'D in dishonor! Not like thine own Ghoul  
 Have I thus dug thee out, Unhappy One!  
 For critical devouring; but some words  
 Writ heedlessly above thee call for words  
 Of answering rebuke. If Israfel  
 In heaven needs his own heart-strings for his lyre—  
 The only organ of harmonious worth—  
 Shall not earth's poet? And if he be weak,  
 Rent by ill memories, harsh with sour desire,  
 Untunable, rejoicing not in good,  
 Can aught but discord issue? Speech absurd  
 Of "art for art's sake!" when art is not art  
 Out of the circles of the universe,  
 Out of the song of the eternities,  
 Or unfit to attend the ear of God.

My mocking words aim at, not thee, but those  
 Who would strain praise for thee, disgracing Truth.

---



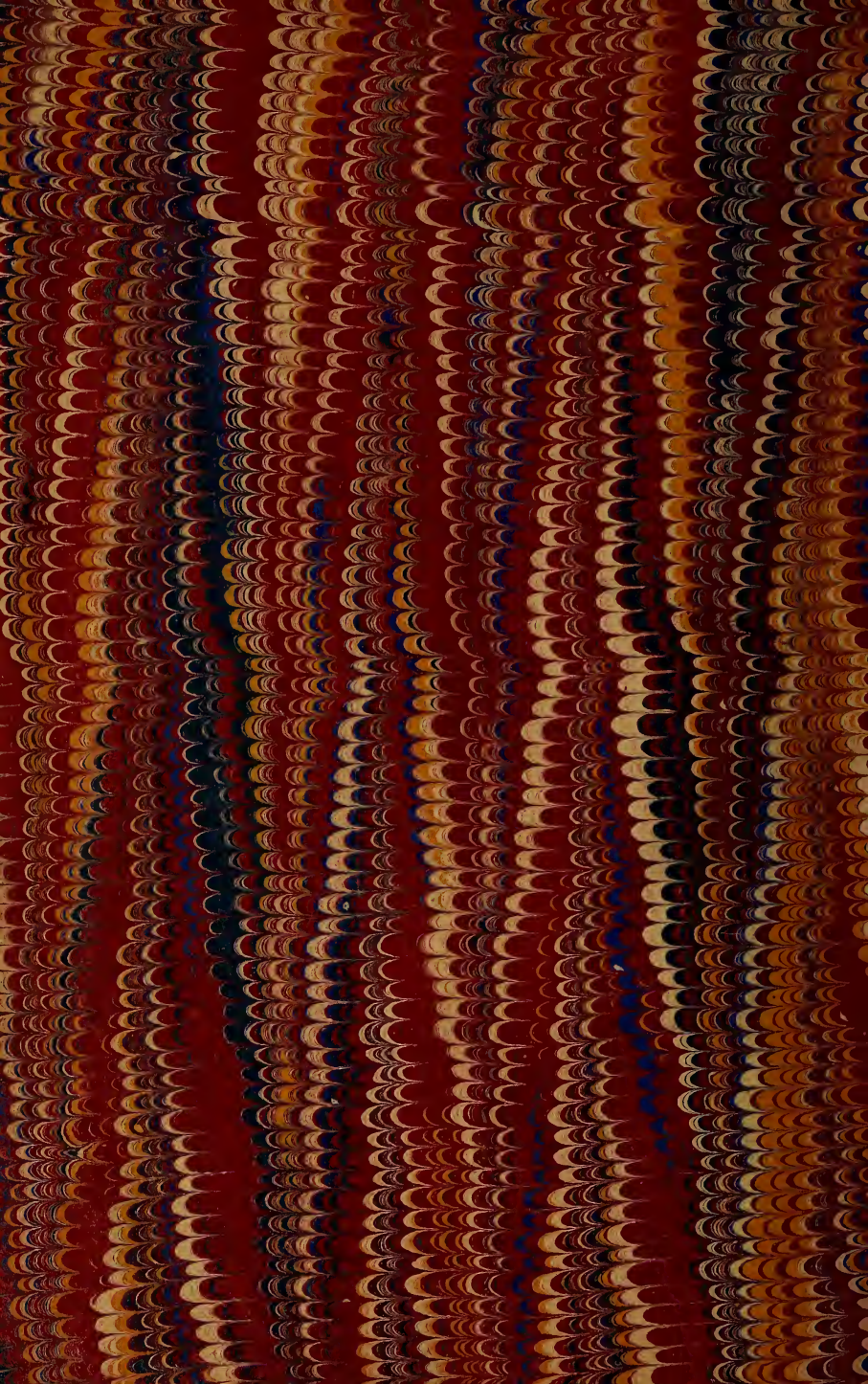
















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 493 713 2

